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A

POEM

ON THE LATE

PROMOTION

OF SEVERAL

Eminent Perſons

IN

CHURCH and STATE.

By N. TATE, Servant to Their Majeſties.

——*Magnum mihi panditur æquor,*
Ipſaque Pierios laſſant Proclivia Currus
LAUDIBUS innumeris. —— Claud.

LONDON;
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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES

EARL of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*; Lord Chamberlain of Their Majeſties Houſhold, &c.

MY LORD,

WITH conſcious Fear my Muſe approaches You,
Wit's ableſt Judge, and beſt Example too.
In Modeſty your ſight ſhe ſhould decline;
The only Barren Thing on which You *ſhine!*
To Your's Aſpiring, and her Countrey's Praiſe,
Deſerting Strength her ripe Deſign betrays.
Yet ſee how Duty, with reſiſtleſs Spells,
To freſh Attempts a Loyal Heart Compels!
Since Britain's *Worthies their juſt Orbs ſuſtain,*
And loud Applauſe reſounds from ev'ry Plain;
Our Britiſh *Bards the only ſilent Throng;*
Rage hurry'd me on this advent'rous Song.

But oh! my Zeal forgot ſuch Themes requir'd,
The Force and Fury of a Breaſt Inſpir'd.
Yet theſe weak Streins may to a Nobler Flight
Provoke thoſe Muſes whom they can't invite.
To Them ſhall, ſafely, Fame theſe Figures truſt,
Whoſe Luſtre is in my dead Colours loſt.
How warmly They each Character ſhall trace,
Set off with proper Lights and Native Grace!
Then higher Soar, and urging their Succeſs,
Our great Auguſtus Court *to life expreſs;*
In which Illuſtrious Sphere, with Forms Divine,
Shall our Agrippa *and* Mecænas *Shine.*
That Work commenc'd, how pleas'd ſhall I Retire!
And at juſt Diſtance ſilently Admire;
Content and Proud the Skilful to have mov'd,
And ſee my rude Deſign ſo well improv'd.
Ev'n ſo blind Chance, the Art of Muſick found,
A ruſling Wind amongſt the Reeds did ſound;
That Noiſe Inſtructed Shepherds firſt to Frame
The Tuneful Pipe, that ſince gave Shepherds Fame.

A PO-

A

POEM

ON THE

Late Promotions, &c.

AS Joyful Nature, who till then lay mute,
Did the firſt Sun's exalted Beams ſalute;
So *Britain*, reſcu'd from the ſullen Cloud
That ſeem'd her new-created Face to ſhrowd,
Beholds, at once Tranſported and Amaz'd,
To proper Spheres her Brighteſt Planets rais'd.

Our Monarch, who beſt knew their Uſe and Pow'r,
Reſerv'd their Influence for the Proſp'rous Hour:
Whoſe Aſpects now a ſtrong Direction joins,
When Tyranizing *Saturn*'s Courſe declines.
Thus Kings, whoſe Actions are to Heav'n ally'd,
Like Providence, by Time are juſtify'd.

Eaſy at Home their Task, when Peace combines
With Pious Kings, and favours their Deſigns:
Ours, preſt with War, and ſinking *Europe*'s Weight,
Finds Leiſure to Adorn our CHURCH and STATE.

NOW, like the Viſionary Matron, rears
Euſebia her calm Forehead crown'd with tears.
O'rejoy'd her Conſecrated Sons appear,
(Thoſe Sons that hold their Mother's Honour dear)
To ſee the Paſt'ral Chair by Him ſupply'd,
For whom the Voice of Angels would decide.
In his Promotion Vice her Downfal read,
She rav'd to find the MITRE on that Head:
Her Venom ſwell'd to ſee, of Piety
So Charming an Example plac'd ſo High;
Whoſe Influence, her Fears preſag'd, wou'd make
The Age reform, and her dark Empire ſhake.
Preferment ſought Him, (Worthleſs Spir'ts intrude,
But Modeſt Merit muſt by Kings be woo'd.)
He, ſlow conſenting, to the Temple's Sway
Aſpir'd not, but did *Cæſar*'s Will Obey.
While *Cæſar* did, who only could, preſcribe,
He in meer Duty Rules the Sacred Tribe.
His Moderation, Charity Divine,
Led to this Choice our Gen'rous *Conſtantine*.
Whoſe Genius, while the CROSIER there he plac'd,
His own Hereditary Virtues grac'd.

Dr Tillotson Archbp of Canterbury.

Whoſe

Whoſe Clemency miſtaken Zeal does ſpare,
To Conſcience, Tender; as to Crimes, Severe.
Cæſar, theſe Charms can only Thrones ſuſtain,
And you in Theſe without a Rival Reign.
O Friend of Nations! None you hold for Foes,
Except the Troublers of the World's Repoſe.
Juſt is your Rage; oh! may as Juſt Succeſs
Attend Your Arms, till You Mankind redreſs:
Till harraſs'd *Europe* ſafe at Reſt is laid,
As ſlept firſt Mortals in their *Sylvan* ſhade.

The Muſe, her Viſit to the Temple paid,
Comes forth, where Peals of Joy her Ear invade.
What charming Pomp ſuch Tranſports can create?
Lo! SOMMERS with the Emblems of his State!
How juſtly, Heaven, are now thoſe Trophies born
Before ſuch Worth, in ſuitable Return,
Adorning Him, who *Britain* do's adorn!
A Poet's Genius ſhould be all on Fire;
What Extaſies ſhould his rais'd Soul inſpire?
When Crouds, at Sight of Him, can Rapture feel;
See how they preſs to Gaze, and load his Chariot-wheel!
To fetter'd Numbers how ſhall be confin'd
The compaſs of His Comprehenſive Mind!
Senſe, Reaſon, Muſick, in his Language throng,
The Graces ſit Aſſembled on his Tongue;

Sr Joan Somers
Ld Keeper.

Whoſe

Whoſe Accents ev'n the flying Winds ſurprize,
Who watch their Birth, and bear 'em to the Skies.
The Muſes, who ſeverer Arts profeſs,
By Him are Cheriſh'd, ne'er deny'd Acceſs:
Only the Idle, and the Singing Crew,
Chid from his Preſence, long long ſince withdrew.
In Youth, their Lawrels at his Feet they laid,
To Court Him, all their *Syren*-Charms diſplay'd;
Which like *Ulyſſes* wiſely He contemn'd,
And, Tacking off, the Tide of Buſineſs ſtemm'd.
'Twould beggar Thought and Language both, to raiſe
The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praiſe.
Whom, through all Provinces of Learning crown'd,
Tranſcendent Virtues render more renown'd.
Juſtice do's, viſible, from Heav'n repair;
Unveil'd ſhe comes, and takes with Him the Chair.
When him on the relieving Bench you ſee,
Without a Trope, ſay,—— There ſits EQUITY.

Next, were my Strength proportion'd to my Zeal,
I'd ſing the Guardian of the *Privy-Seal.* Earl of Pembroke, P. Privy Seal.
On PEMBROOK, what can Court or State confer
Beyond his Knowledge, or his Virtue's Sphere?
Who, like the Sun, the higher he aſcends,
But further warms, and more his Beams extends.
In Private Actions, as in Publick Truſt,
To Honour's Scheme ſo *regularly* juſt;

That

That his whole Soul but ſeems a Model fram'd
By thoſe rare Arts in which his Skill is fam'd.
Whoſe Judgment the beſt Pencil can direct;
In Symetry inſtruct the Architect.
Whoſe Rays can Light to Time's dark Relicts give,
And from the Grave Antiquity retrieve.
O Sacred Faculty! whoſe Pow'r tranſcends
Life's Territories, and the Dead befriends.
Bleſt Genius! who Paſt Ages can renew,
And Ours tranſmit to All that ſhall enſue.
Who ev'ry Science, and ſo early, gain'd,
As Heav'n Inſpir'd, not Induſtry Obtain'd.
Vaſt Ocean, that from ev'ry Channel draws,
From Stateſmen, Schools, Divine and Human Laws.
To Worth depreſt, and injur'd Right, his Ear
Is ever open, and his Heart ſincere.
O Piety! O Truth without a Stain!
Reſerv'd by Heav'n for *William*'s Sacred Reign.

When Nature in the Body does maintain
Free intercourſe between the Heart and Brain,
The Veins with Vital Spirits are ſupply'd,
And briskly circulates the Sanguine Tide:
Each vig'rous Limb, ungriev'd, its Labour bears,
And Joy Triumphant in the Face appears;
So Healthful, ſo Tranſported, looks the Realm,
Where SHREWSBURY and TRENCHARD ſit at Helm.

Earl of Shrewsbury.
Sr John Trenchard
Secretary of State.

If TRENCHARD ſingly could ſuſtain the Weight,
And from declining long ſupport the State,
O what, when SHREWSBURY's with him aſſign'd!
Atlas and *Hercules* together join'd.

TRENCHARD, who, Young, and in his private Sphere,
For *Britain*'s Reſcue could ſo Nobly dare:
Forgetting Youth's Diverſions, could engage
For Publick Safety, ——What may we preſage,
From Skill, which ableſt Diſcipline has wrought,
By Suff'rings, Time, and Obſervation, taught!

How, SHREWSBURY, for thy Return to State,
And once more condeſcending to be Great,
Shall my weak Muſe aſſume the mighty Tone?
How eccho back the Joy by Nations ſhown,
Whoſe Breath wants Compaſs to expreſs her Own?
Yet Oh! would Strength with my Deſires comply,
My Song a *Dytherambick* Pitch ſhould fly:
Purſuing thy juſt Praiſes to the Skies,
But they tow'r ſwift, and I want Wings to riſe.
Immortal Streins ſhould *Cæſar*'s Darling grace;
The Worhieſt Heir of TALBOT's Noble Race.
With gen'ral Thanks (for all your Abſence mourn'd,)
We bleſs, at once, our Hopes and You return'd.
So *Rome*, diſtreſs'd, in one united Swarm
Welcom'd her great Dictator from his Farm.

Theſe Worthies, *Britain*, for thy Glory born,
And Numbers more thy happy Realm adorn.

Turn,

Turn, turn your Eye to bright *Auguſta*'s Pile;
See how her Sons, ſee how her Fabricks ſmile.
Ages were told by that Imperial Dame,
E're *Rome* determin'd her diſputed Name.
Who Tyrant *Rome* in *Juſt* Renown excell'd,
As far as *Thames* above the *Tyber* ſwell'd.
Her Scituation boaſts no empty Height,
No Barren Mountains to ſupport her Weight:
From *Thames* his Bank contented to look down,
And ſee the Treaſures of the World her own.
Kind Stars could to her Bleſſings add no more,
But to ſecure what they conferr'd before:
'Tis done: ——Her Laws, her Rights by Publick Voice
Were fix'd, when ASHHURST was her Guardian Choice.
All that her Hopes or utmoſt Wiſh could crave,
She to her ſelf in that Election gave.
'Twas Then Fate ſnatch'd the Wheel from Fortune's Hand,
And charm'd it faſt. ——Thus utt'ring her Command,
At this Aſcendant, my *Auguſta*, —— Stand.
For whom ſhould her Conſenting Votes engage
But ASHHURST? the *Fabricius* of our Age.
Sprung from a Patriot-Race of old Renown,
He centres all their Glories in his Own.
On Him, with Meaſure unconfin'd, did fall,
That Publick Spirit which inſpir'd them All.
Auguſta, to thy grateful Sons and Thee,
For ever Sacred let his Trophies be;
The boldeſt Champion of your Liberty.

For Peace can Courage boaſt with Triumphs crown'd,
That loud, as thoſe obtain'd by War, reſound:
Whoſe Gilded Lawrels too, are full as good,
In Fame's Eſteem, as Lawrels dy'd in Blood.
Him, in her Chair, the City finds ſo Juſt,
That ſhe repines 'tis but an Annual Truſt:
Which, by th' Effects of his Induſtrious Skill,
Ev'n when Retir'd, he yet ſhall ſeem to Fill.
His Methods and Example ſhall prevail,
And Bleſſings on ſucceeding Reigns entail.
For *Virtue*, that does laſting Fruit intend,
And does, like His, its utmoſt Force extend,
In One Year's ſpace whole Ages can befriend.

Behold the hurry'ng Crowd from ev'ry Street
Preſs to the *Thames* ſome Pageantry to meet.
Lo there in wondrous Pomp blue Tritons ride,
And Sea-Nymphs entring with the ſwelling Tide.
Advanc'd before our Senate-Houſe, they call
For RUSSEL, their Victorious Admiral.
Envoys to him they come, and ſeem to ſay,
Neptune his ready Homage waits to pay,
And *Thetis* grows impatient of his ſtay.
Bleſſings attend your Counſels (thus they ſing)
Great *Britain*'s Senate, may your Gen'rous Spring
Of Tribute, for the Publick Safety, riſe,
As full and faſt as ours the *Thames* ſupplies;

Who finds, in circling Trade, his juſt return,
And bleſſes the Expences of his Urn.
Let RUSSEL ſtill Command, and ſtill the Main
To *Britain* his old Duty ſhall retain ;
Still ſerve the Iſle, which he, embracing laves,
With Loyalty as Ancient as his Waves.
Whoſe full Aſſembly did your Votes reſound,
When You his Courage and his Conduct own'd.
O Sea's great Hero! to thy Fleet repair,
And ſee the ready Harveſt of thy Care.
A cheerful Crew of Sailors doubly Fir'd,
By Native Valour, and by You inſpir'd :
Through ev'ry Squadron plenteous Stores convey'd;
Their Flags and Streamers Gallantly diſplay'd.
A flowing Tide and Winds preſenting fair,
Or will at leaſt when RUSSEL does appear.

French Pyrates ſnatch'd our Seas unguarded Wealth,
As *Cacus* the *Herculean* Herd, by Stealth :
The Hero's Abſence that advantage gave ;
But he returning Sack'd the Robbers Cave.
In vain the treacherous Den with Rock was Barr'd,
Which Fire and Smoak cou'd now no longer Guard.
The Reſt, ſecur'd by ſhameful Odds, Engage;
Tourville alone cou'd boaſt a gen'rous Rage.
Nor unrenown'd his glitt'ring *Sun* is ſett,
That RUSSEL, and *Britannia's* Lightning met.

'Twas Fame enough to dare, though forc'd to ſhrow'd
Her vanquiſh'd Glories in a ſhelt'ring Cloud.
With Terrors Threatning Pomp diſplay'd they came,
Tempeſt-reſembling Fury, Noiſe, and Flame,
Enough to have Aſtoniſh'd and O'rethrown
A Foe, not Arm'd with greater of his Own.
But urg'd the Fate that ſuch Preſumption crav'd,
When, *Cæſar*, they your Naval Thunder Brav'd.
So raſh *Salmoneus*, while with *Jove* he Vy'd,
Fell by that Thunderbolt, which he Defy'd.

From Sea, the Muſe our diſtant Camp does view;
But dropps her Wing o're charg'd with briny Dew.
From her own *Britain* too, remov'd too far,
Where *Cæſar* waits Fame's Summons to the War;
And ORMOND (His as Cæſar *Ormond*'s Care)
Prepares his Danger and Renown to ſhare.
Whoſe Wounded Breaſt ſhall future Ages Charm,
Together Sung with WILLIAM's Wounded Arm.
Shine Bright ye Stars, who kindly did divert
The Piercing Ponyard from that Gen'rous Heart.
Muſe, Crown his Brow, but make his Lawrel wreath
As Mild and Sweet, as Morning Roſes Breath;
Who Clemency to Courage reconciles,
And in whoſe Face delighted Nature ſmiles.
The Graces early Nurs'd whom they decreed
Their former Darling ORMOND to ſucceed:

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious *Oſſery's* expiring Breath,
Did him his Fame and Virtues Stock bequeath.
Thus to *Elyſian* Fields the *Phœnix* Fled,
To his Succeſſor leaves a Spicy Bed.
The Royal Eagle all the Noble Quire,
The Wondrous Heir of the *Sun's* Bird Admire.

From Fairy Land great *Spencers* ſhade ſhall riſe,
And *Milton* from his Dream of Paradice;
To Charm the *Boyne*, and then the *Shannon's* Stream,
William their Firſt, and TALMASH their next Theme. Lieutenant Gnall.

Of Num'rous Worthies more our Liſts can boaſt;
But who has Breath to Count that Starry Hoſt?
The Muſe who can that *Galaxie* recite,
May too the Princely *Conſtellation* Write;
Whom *Britain's Jupiter*, Preſiding, draws,
And joins their Aſpects in the Common Cauſe.
The Cauſe that *Europe's* Heroes did employ,
Of old Combining to demoliſh *Troy*.
For *Helen's* Rape, that Arm'd the Pow'rs of *Greece*,
Was but a Type of Violated Peace,

'Tis fix'd ------ Behold the happy promis'd Day
Already Plum'd, and on his Glorious Way,
With Triumphs charg'd, that ſhall once more invite
The gen'rous Muſe that Sung the *Boyne*, to Write.

Themes

Themes Sacred, and by Fame reſerv'd intire
For MONTAGUE's inimitable Fire:
Fancy that can to Clouds of ſmoke give Light,
And trace a Hero through the dusky Fight.
Then, ſwift and glorious as the Conqueſt, bring
The News to Court on Rapture's Sacred Wing.
And ſhifting quick the Scene from Wars Alarms,
In breathing drafts expreſs *Maria*'s Charms.
Adorn'd with Innocence and Beauty's Beams,
Like *Venus* firſt Aſcending from the Streams:
Or *Phœbe* in her Empire of the Skye,
Mildly Majeſtick, and ſerenely High!

Oh! when for ſuch Illuſtrious Themes and Wit,
His Country's *Service* Leiſure can permit;
When from his Task of State he *may* retire,
Th' inſpiring Heat reſuming with his Lyre;
Not Summer-Breezes ſhall delight us more;
Nor Waves that gently break upon the ſhore:
Nor Vocal Rills, that through the Valley ſtray,
Harmoniouſly Diſputing all their Way.

FINIS.

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